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The Regeneration of Skinny.

(Frank Barkley Copley, in 'Pearson's Magazine.')

This is the true story of a man, who, after more than a quarter of a century of crime, had his whole nature changed in a remarkable way by a woman. He shall be known here simply by his old nickname of Skinny; but it may be said that he was the pal of 'Butch' Tobin, who a few years ago startled New York City by cutting off the head of a man he had robbed in a Tenderloin dive and attempting to burn the body in a furnace. For this crime Tobin was recently put to death in the electric chair in Sing Sing. The little woman who wrought such a marvellous change in Skinny also tried to befriend Tobin, but he threw away the chance his pal accepted. The little woman referred to is Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth.—Editor 'Pearson's.'

I.

His body racked with pain, and all hope crushed out of him of any escape in this world from the life of a criminal, of which he was weary to God, Skinny, clothed in his shameful stripes, sat in his narrow cell in Sing Sing Prison, gloating over a little handful of morphine tablets as a miser might gloat over a heap of precious stones. And exactly like a miser's was the furtive glance he occasionally gave about him, to make sure no one was watching.

All bent over was Skinny as he sat upon his cot; if he had tried to hold himself erect, he would have experienced excruciating agony. When he lay down, he had to draw his knees almost up to his chin. Lumbago was the trouble, and that is how he came by the tablets. He refused to go to the prison hospital; there he would not see his cell-mate, Tony, or his old pal, Butch Tobin; and, besides, the time passed faster at his cobbler's bench, where he could work, bending over in the only attitude he now could assume. So about all the prison physician could do was to give him now and then a little morphine to relieve his sufferings.

'Be careful how you use the tablets,' the doctor had said one day, 'twenty will kill a man.'

Oh, they would! Hearing that, Skinny took no more. But he continued to beg for them, just the same—begged harder than ever, in fact. All he got he hid carefully away. His pile was steadily growing. Alone in his cell, he would take them out, and, counting them over one by one, would softly chuckle with a sort of ghoulish glee. Just a few more, only a few more, and then—well, the tortures of hell could be no worse than what he was suffering now.

II.

In the course of his career, Skinny had been a pickpocket, thug, sneak-thief and burglar. He had also killed his man—a detective. Nearly twenty years of his life had been spent in prison. He was now thirty-five years old. He was born in a tenement house, down near the Battery in New York City. His father, an Englishman, deserted Skinny's Irish mother before Skinny, the first child, was born, and he was brought up in the family of a neighbor. From the boys in the street he learned how to rob the apple-women in Battery Park.

At the tender age of seven, Skinny was sent to the Catholic Protectory in Westchester for tapping the till in a bakery. There he met a boy about a year older than himself who was in for picking pockets. His name was Tommy Tobin. Even at that early age he showed signs of a reckless cruelty that later on was to make him ready to shoot or stab at a moment's notice, and earn for him the nickname of 'Butch;' but there was a streak of generosity in his nature that attracted Skinny, and the two, forming a close friendship, planned a 'glorious' career of crime.

Escaping from the protectory, they proceeded to 'make good.' Before they were eighteen they had been repeatedly imprisoned, and were classed by the police among New York's most dangerous criminals. Skinny was barely twenty-one when he tripped up a detective who was chasing a pickpocket. The detective blackened his eyes and punched his nose out of joint, and three days later Skinny attacked him in the street with a knife. At first it was thought the detective would recover, and Skinny, pleading guilty to felonious assault, got off with a sentence to four years in Sing Sing. Soon after he 'went up' his victim died; but Skinny could not now be prosecuted for murder, and so he escaped the gallows.

After that the police hounded him more than ever. Once six detectives got him in a cell at Police Headquarters, and pounded him within an inch of his life; then he was sent back to Sing Sing on a trumped-up charge of grand larceny. During that term he spent two weeks in the 'cooler,' or dark cell, for cursing the keeper, and that is how he developed his lumbago. Back in his old haunts, he sought relief from the pain in his back, by guzzling the poisonous compound that passes for whiskey in the Bowery 'morgues.' The effect of this 'remedy' can be imagined. Down, down into the lowest depths he sank, diseased in body, mind and soul.

A crook in this condition always takes reckless chances, and the police found no difficulty in once more railroading Skinny to Sing Sing. This term, which was to prove his last, began in December, 1894. Tobin came up a little later. Skinny then was as tough a ruffian as ever put on the stripes. If you could have looked into his blear and shifty eyes, and beheld his hardened and besotted features, you would have said: 'Here is a man lost for good and all to everything honest, pure and true.'

Summer came; another winter passed. Whatever may be said about Sing Sing to-day, its conditions at that time certainly were not conducive to the development of athletes, neither was it a place where men were likely to be filled with the joy of living. Skinny's lumbago steadily grew worse; his sullen stoicism began to yield; and it was in the spring of 1896, when the birds outside the gray walls of the prison were caroling their love songs, and all nature was rejoicing in the glories of the new creation, that he, with two years more to serve, and no prospect beyond that but more hounding by the police, finally gave way to the despair that was gripping his soul, and began to hoard his morphine tablets.

III.

'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight' —slowly Skinny counted his little flat pills— 'ten, twelve, fourteen—sixteen.' Only four more and he would have ready to hand an easy escape from his sufferings.

On that very day a new era dawned for Sing Sing. Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth came there to begin the work of the Volunteer Prison League. She had a theory that if convicts were treated, not as wild animals, but as human beings, they would respond; that what was needed in the case of the great majority of confirmed criminals was a little sympathy and love. Her ideas amused the prison officials; but, believing she had only to test her theory to be convinced of its impracticability, they agreed that the seven hundred prisoners should be assembled in the chapel on Sunday, May 24, 1896, to hear her talk.

Skinny was unable to attend the service; but Tony, his cell-mate, did, and so did Tobin. The scene was a strange one. In the body of the chapel sat the seven hundred men in stripes, their faces shaven, their hair closely cropped, most of them debased, vicious, vile; while about them hovered their armed and vigilant keepers. On the platform stood all alone the winsome little woman with the sweet voice and the gracious presence.

She did not preach a sermon, neither did she from the heights of conscious superiority and smug sanctimony hurl down at the heads of her hearers cant phrases that well-meaning but misguided missionaries had used 'ad nauseam'; as a woman speaking unto men, she simply tried to make them take the commonsense view of the sufferings engendered by sin, and the happiness that comes from right living, and she promised that if any man present wished to start anew when he got out of prison, and would come to her, she would see he got a chance. Then she asked all that were desirous of turning over a new leaf to stand up.

It was a critical moment. For a convict to stand up meant that he should show what his old associates would regard as a 'yellow streak.

For perhaps half a minute there was an awkward silence; and then, here and there all over the hall, convicts, many of them shamefacedly, struggled to their feet, until twenty-five of the seven hundred were standing. The keepers were astonished; Mrs. Booth's fondest hopes were realized.

When the prisoners had been returned to their cells, Tony told Skinny all about it. Although he was not one of those that stood up, he was enthusiastic in his praise of Mrs. Booth.

'She's a great speaker, Skin,' he said in closing; 'it's a pity youse wasn't der to hear her.'

'Ah!' sneered Skinny, 'I knows all about the likes of her. She's just one of dem winin' slobs of hypercrits dat goes 'round preachin' so's dey can get de mon.' A lot dey'll do for yer! When yer in trouble dey'll hand yer out a tract. I know. But say,' he added, 'did Butch Tobin get up?'

'No,' said Tony; 'but who d' cher dink was the first?'

'Who?'

'Moke.'

Skinny was astounded; for Moke was one of the most skilful pickpockets in the country. Crawling from the bed, he went to the grated door of his cell, and shouted, 'Hi, Moke!'

'Hello, Skin! What do you want?' came echoing down the long corridor.

'I hear yer goin' to be a soldier,' Skinny called back in sneering tones.

There was no reply; but the next morning Moke sent Skinny a note. In it he said he would have done years ago what he did the previous day, if he had heard any one speak as Mrs. Booth had spoken. 'I pray to God,' he continued, 'to help me lead a good life when I get out;' and he strongly advised Skinny to follow his example and write to Mrs. Booth.

This note made upon Skinny a profound impression. Here was one of his own kind talking about praying to God!

A few nights later, when silence reigned throughout the great prison, Skinny lay doubled upon his cot in the semi-darkness, faintly moaning as he lifted his tablets from one place on his palm to another.

'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen—twenty!'

What had the doctor said?—'Be careful; for twenty will kill a man.'

Tightly Skinny held his tablets. The night wore on. Dawn was breaking as he returned them to their hiding place.

(To be continued.)

His Way of Putting It.

The leader of an adult Bible class tells this story:

'More than two years since one of the men, who is employed in the engine room of a large manufacturing establishment, commenced to tell me of the petty annoyances he was subjected to by his fellow-workmen as soon as they learned he had, as they termed it, "Got religion." He said they were constantly ridiculing him, and jeering at him, and at the same time they spread false and malicious reports about concerning him, and whenever it was necessary for work to be done on a Sunday the foreman always insisted that he should attend to it.

'We had many talks together on the subject, and finally made an agreement that he should pray twice a day for the strength he needed to be faithful, and I promised to pray for him every morning and evening.

'Early in the year the same man came and told me a different story.

'"Thank the Lord,"' he exclaimed; 'things are running my way now. Last week the boss told the men he was tired of hearing them tell lies about me. He said he had been watching them, and then he discharged the foreman and put me in another room."

'"You ought to thank God for that," I said.

'"So I do," he replied, with great heartiness.

'Then after a short interval of silence I saw his face brighten, and turning to me he said: "Those fellows don't know where I get my pull from, do they?"

'I could not think of any suitable answer to give him; but afterwards the words of the Psalmist were brought to my remembrance, "My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth."'—'Plymouth Chimes.'

The Builder.

The nest of the blind bird is built by God.
—'Old Proverb.'

Thou who dost build the blind bird's nest,
Am I not blind?
Each bird that flyeth east or west
The track can find.

Not one in all the lengthening land,
In all the sky,
Or by the ocean's silver strand,
Is blind as I.

Thou who dost build the blind bird's nest,
Build Thou for me;
So shall my being find its rest
For evermore in Thee.
—Julia C. R. Dorr.

Led by the Spirit.

A retired Congregational minister relates the following interesting experience:

'I commenced my ministry in East Devon in the year 1852. Having received a unanimous call to a church near Ipswich, in Suffolk, in April, 1854, I was invited to spend an evening at the house of Mr. E——, who resided at West Hill, near Ottery St. Mary.

'It was a glorious afternoon in the month of May when I found myself walking along the high road to that gentleman's house. Suddenly my attention was attracted by a beautiful avenue of sycamore trees, leading down to a respectable farmhouse. Although I had passed that way on several previous occasions, I did not remember having before noticed this avenue. Whilst I was looking down it, suddenly I seemed to hear a voice saying to me, "Go down and speak the things which I bid thee.' Somewhat startled and not a little alarmed, I said audibly, "Why, Lord? I do not know the person who lives there."

'"Go down and speak the things which I bid," my internal monitor replied. Hesitating no more, I went down wondering how I could introduce myself. In answer to my almost timid knock, the door was somewhat suddenly jerked open, and I was confronted by a tall, angular, stern-looking woman. She looked at me with astonishment, and to my humble question, "May I be allowed to come in and read the Scriptures to you?" she said: "Yes, come in; go in there," opening into a neatly-furnished room. "You can sit down." I did so, but observing that she continued standing, I said: "Will you not sit down, too?"

'"No; I'll stand, if you please."

'Opening my Testament at the fourteenth chapter of John, I commenced reading, "Let not your heart be troubled," etc., when I was suddenly interrupted by the woman, who said: "Stop, sir; God sent you. I have seen you before."

'"Indeed! I have no remembrance of having ever seen you before."

'"I don't suppose you have, but I saw you last night in my bedroom."

'"That I am sure you did not. I have never been in this house before," I replied rather hotly.

'"Sir, you don't understand me. You don't know who I am. I am the vilest wretch upon God's earth. I turned my only girl out of her home because she wanted to be religious and attend Mr. E.'s mission-room; for I hated religion, and looked upon all Dissenters as canting hypocrites. Yes, sir, I turned her out, but Mr. E. sent for her, and sheltered her in his home." A little light fell upon me now, for I had heard of the circumstances, and expected to meet the poor girl at Mr. E.'s that afternoon. "But," continued the woman, "I am, after all, a mother, and loved my girl. Well, last evening I began to think about her, and wished I had not been so hasty. I felt that I was a wicked woman. At last I retired to my bedroom, and, kneeling at my bedside, prayed for pardon. But "the heavens were as brass" to my supplications. I felt that God would not answer one so vile as I. Overcome with grief, I rose to my feet, and, throwing myself on the bed, fell into a troubled sleep, when I dreamed that an angel appeared unto me; and, sir, it was your face that I saw. The angel said, 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid,'—the words you have just read. I awoke and was comforted. No doubt you thought me very rude when I met you at the door, but I was overpowered with astonishment. Yes, sir, I repeat it; God has sent you."

'I replied: "I think so, too," and told how I had been impelled by a divine influence to come to her house. "Since it is so," I added, "will you not sit down while I read this chapter, and then we will seek God in prayer?"

'She at once did so. When we arose from our knees she was weeping bitterly. Having calmed her down, I said: "I am going to Mr. E.'s now. I shall most likely see your daughter. Shall I tell her to return home to you?"

'"Yes, sir, if you will be so kind; and tell her that her poor mother is seeking Jesus, too."

'The next week I left the neighborhood, and did not hear the sequel to this strange event for some years. But one summer, taking my holiday in Dover, in the wife of the Rev. Baron Hart, at that time the pastor of Zion Chapel, I met the daughter of Mr. E. I then inquired about Mrs. Prince, as the woman's name was.

'"Oh!" replied Mrs. Hart, "she is a most earnest, devoted, Christian woman."'—The 'Chimes.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Acknowledgments.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Banks, Edmonton, $10; In the Master's Name, London, $5.00; P. McF, $5.00; Frank A. Moore, Deer Park, $4.60; Rev. S. C. Edmunds, Whitechurch, $2.00; H. McDonald, Drummond, $2.00; Miss —, Lamond, Calgary, $1.00; A Reader of 'Witness,' $1.00; total, $30.60.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Wanted.

Wanted! young feet to follow
  Where Jesus leads the way,
Into the fields where harvest
  Is ripening day by day:
Now, while the breath of morning
  Scents all the dewy air,
Now, in the fresh, sweet dawning,
Oh, follow Jesus there!

Wanted! young hands to labor,
  The fields are broad and wide,
And harvest waits the reaper
  Around on ev'ry side.
None are too poor or lowly
None are too weak or small,
For in his service holy
  The Master needs them all.

Wanted! the young soul's ardor;
  Wanted! the young mind's powers;
Wanted! the young lips' freshness;
  Wanted! youth's golden hours,
Wanted to tell the story,
  To watch the glad sunrise,
To hail the coming glory,
  To seek and win the prize!

—English Magazine.

Jason Bender.

(The Rev. T. J. Kommers.)

Jason Bender was greasing the axles of the large three-seated farm waggon. He was in the red stable on one side of the road, and just across was his father's large white farm-house, on the piazza of which a number of summer boarders were sitting in the usual idle manner of such folk, and the sight nettled him. Next to washing the waggon, greasing it was to Jason's mind the most unpleasant task that fell to his lot. With an angry scowl he flung down the wheel he had just lifted from the axle. 'I won't stand it,' he said. 'There are those city folks doing nothing for weeks at a time; they have money enough to travel all around the country and have a good time, while I am sticking here on this farm and scarcely ever see a dollar of my own. That young lawyer was right when he told me a fellow was a fool for sticking to the farm when there was plenty of money to be picked up in the city. I am through with the farm.'

That night Jason found his father in the kitchen, reading the county newspaper, while the mother was arranging the napkins for use in the dining room the next morning. Hiram Bender was a sturdy new England farmer, a deacon in the village church, and beloved by all who knew him for his gentleness and uprightness. His manner of life had always been simple; his ambitions were clustered about his home and his church, and he was happy in the care of his well-kept farm, in the love of his family, and not least in his service in the little community, where to the sick and the poor he had often proved himself a ministering angel. It had been the father's hope that the son should follow in his steps; that by and by Jason should marry some good girl from the neighborhood, and should take over the farm, and that then the old people should spend the remainder of their days in a little cottage in the village. He hoped, too, that Jason might become a pillar in the church, so fulfilling the good prophecy that instead of the fathers should be the children. It was a great shock to him, therefore, when Jason awkwardly blurted out, 'I am going to quit, father!'

Deacon Bender looked up in blank amazement.

'Yes,' repeated the young man, 'I am going to quit. I am going to New York. I won't stay shut up here among these hills, and slave all my life, and for nothing.'

'Jason,' broke in the father; 'Jason!'

But the young man was in no mood to stop. 'No, father, I know what you will say, but it is of no use. I have made up my mind. Young Henderson told me any man who would stay on the farm was a fool when money can be made in New York so easily, and I believe it, and I am going to try it. I am twenty-two; I am of age, and I am going to make my way in the world. I am going to try to make money, and if I can't, then it will be time enough to take to farming.'

'Jason,' replied the father, with a quiver in his voice; 'I hardly know what to say, but I am your best friend, my boy. If I believed that it would be best for you to go to New York, I would not try to keep you, though I can't bear to think of your leaving mother and me. But gold is not found in the streets in New York, Jason; and I believe my boy would be a happier man, and perhaps a better man, here. You know I want to hand over the farm to you as soon as you will get married. There is many a girl that would be glad to have you, and you can be happy here, as your mother and I have been.'

The mother had dropped her work; she was standing by her husband now, with her hand on his shoulder. She said nothing, but nodded her head; long ago they had planned it so; it had been their castle in the air.

The young man curled his lip with a contemptuous smile. 'No,' he said, 'I have had enough of the farm, and I am determined to go.'

The parents at length yielded to the persistence of the son, and a few days later they all drove to the railway station in the large waggon, with Jason's new trunk strapped on behind. Since resistance was useless, the old people had endeavored to make the best of the situation. A hundred dollars in cash was to supply the son's need for the present, until he could find a place to suit him. He had no doubt of his success; but father and mother alike reiterated that his place at the table and his room should always be ready for him, and that he must come back freely whenever he would. Mother had not forgotten to put a loaf of cake in the trunk, and Jason's Bible, on the fly-leaf of which she had written in a cramped hand: 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.'—Ps. cxix., 9.

II.

Jason found a boarding place by applying to the Young Men's Christian Association at Twenty-third street, as had been suggested to him by Mr. Matton, the village storekeeper, who annually made a trip to New York to buy his stock of dry goods and sundries, and who considered himself quite an authority on New York. Thus it came to pass that Jason found himself at night in a small but neat hall bedroom in Sixteenth street, in the home of a widow, who made the usual scant but respectable living by keeping boarders.

The next day Jason began to investigate the city. He walked up and down Broadway, he stared at the store windows and the tall office buildings, and finally he sought out Wall street, where he imagined every one he saw to have pockets full of money. How to get a place among them was the next question. He expected to make money, and to make it in Wall street, but it was not quite clear to him how to proceed. He resolved to seek information from a policeman, following again the advice given him by the storekeeper.

'How do you do?' Jason began.

The policeman merely smiled in reply. He was accustomed to peculiar enquiries from country visitors, and Jason's ruddy face and awkward manner plainly showed him to be such.

'I would like to ask you a question,' Jason went on, while the other nodded: 'How do all these people make their money?'

'You're from the country, aren't you?' the officer answered.

'Yes,' said Jason, surprised that his new suit of clothes did not give him the complete appearance of a city man. I am from Vermont. I have quit the farm, and have come to make money, but I don't exactly see how to go at it. How do all these men make their money?'

The policeman's smile grew broader as Jason proceeded. 'Well,' he said, most of the men you see are clerks and messengers, and they work for their money, just as most other people do. It is their employers that have the money. That man over there,' pointing to the window of a broker's office, 'began by being born rich. That is the easiest way, but we can't all do that. But the fellow next to him was only a clerk two years ago, and now he is well up the ladder, they say. I think you are really safer on the farm, young man, but if you want to try your luck in Wall street, I guess you will have to begin as a clerk.'

The advice was not to Jason's liking, but it was plainly most sensible. That night he wrote a rather long letter to his father, telling about the journey, and his boarding place, and the sights of the city; he did not repeat his conversation with the policeman. The following day he set out to find a place in some broker's office, but his efforts proved fruitless; he was too old for an office boy and lacked the necessary training for a clerkship. A second day of disappointment followed. On the third day, as he was passing hrough the hall of an office building, looking at the names painted on the doors, a young man of about his own age stopped him with the question: 'Looking for somebody, stranger?'

'Not exactly,' was the rejoinder. 'I am looking for a place in some office.'

'What sort of a place do you want? Perhaps I can get you a place.'

'I don't care much what sort of a place I get,' responded Jason; 'all I want is a start.'

'Have you got any money you can invest?'

'Not much.'

'A hundred dollars?'

'No, but I could put up fifty or sixty.'

'Very well; that will do to begin on. I will show you how to double that in a few minutes. Come along to the exchange.'

The stranger led Jason to the visitor's gallery of the Stock Exchange, from which they both looked down upon the usual crowd of busy and excited men. Jason watched the scene with deep interest. Here, he knew, was the place where men made fortunes in a day, and he hoped soon to be among them.

'Come down,' said his companion, 'and I will put up your money in the right place. Hand it to me and watch me.'

On the stairway Jason took his money out of his inside vest pocket, and counted out twelve five-dollar bills. The other took the money, and cleverly managed to engage Jason

in a conversation with the doorkeeper. When Jason turned, the stranger and the money had disappeared.

He was ashamed to mention his loss in his next letter to his father, and merely told that he had visited a number of offices, and was still looking for an opening. In reality he was becoming quite disheartened; it did not appear to be as easy to make money in New York as he had imagined. He was determined, however, on two things: First, that he would not ask his father for any more money; and, second, that he would not go home to be laughed at by his acquaintances for his failure. Wall street having disappointed him, he began to look for other occupations among the advertisements in the newspapers. There was a demand for bookkeepers, clerks, salesmen, etc., and various opportunities for entering into promising partnerships, but all demanded either experience or capital, and Jason had neither. After several more days of disappointment he commenced to look for humbler positions, but he found that in almost every case others had been before him. In short, after a few weeks he was compelled to go to work in a lumber yard, having in the meantime also exchanged his boarding place for cheap accommodation among the tenement houses on the East side. His work was harder than any work on the farm; there he was tired; when it rained, the work usually could wait. Here the work was hurried and continuous, through rain and shine. Sometimes he returned to his lodgings wet to the skin, and so thoroughly tired that he could scarcely eat the greasy and poorly cooked supper prepared for him by his landlady. Life on the farm was far preferable to his present condition, and he thought with longing of the clean kitchen where his mother used to serve their palatable meals.

Among his fellow workmen in the yard was a certain Jack Kelling, who early cultivated Jason's acquaintance. He laughed at the country ideas and scruples of Jason, and gradually introduced him to what he called the life of the city, as it is seen in the pleasure resorts on the East Side; and it was not long before Jason and he were nightly patrons of some of the saloons and music halls that abound in that neighborhood.

When winter approached, the business in the lumber yard fell off, and some of the workmen were discharged, among them Jason and his friend. No other steady employment could be found, and compelled by necessity, the two men drifted to a lodging house on the Bowery. The better part of Jason's possessions found its way to the pawnshop, and most of the proceeds went over the bar for drink. Sometimes he drank because he was cold; sometimes because he was wet; sometimes because he wished to drown his shame and the memory of the past. He had not written home since he had left his boarding place for the lodging house; like a man sinking in a quicksand and despairing of escape, Jason was sinking into the depths of degradation, and no hand seemed stretched out to save him.

(To be continued.)

Tree-growing in Churches.

The parish church of Ross, Hereford, is remarkable for two fine elm-trees flourishing one each side of the pew in the nave formerly occupied by John Kyrle, the Man of Ross. In the chancel at Kempsey (Worcester) is a horse chestnut tree, by the beautiful tomb of Sir Edmund Wylde, who died in 1620. The school children used to sit in the chancel, and it is said that on one occasion the watchful pedagogue discovered one of them playing with a chestnut during service. He snatched it away, and threw it behind the tombs, where it took root and has flourished. A beech-tree may be seen on the tower at Culmstock, in Devonshire. The trunk is more than a foot in circumference, and the tree is not less than two hundred years old. Apart from its intrinsic beauty, the parish church of Crick, in Northamptonshire, is remarkable for two trees growing out of the masonry some fifty feet from the ground. The roots are firmly embedded in the tower, and it is feared will eventually overthrow it. From the top of the tower of Stony Stratford, on the Great Ouse, a large elder-tree grows. The seeds must have, in all these cases, been dropped by birds and managed to take root.—The 'Christian Herald.'

Our Strange Language.

Under the above heading the London 'Spectator' once published the following letter:—

Sir,—The following from the pen of Edwin L. Sabin appeared in the 'Bangalore Magazine,' and ought to be of interest to all who wish to realize the difficulties foreigners encounter when trying to learn our mother tongue:—

'When the English tongue we speak,
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak?"
Will you tell me why it's true
We say "sew" but likewise "few;"
And the maker of a verse
Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse?"
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard;"
"Cord" is different from "word;"
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low;
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe;"
Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose;"
And of "goose"—and yet of "choose."
Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb;"
"Doll" and "roll;" and "home" and "some."
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"
Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?
We have "blood" and "food" and "good;"
"Mould" is not pronounced like "could."
Wherefore "done," but "gone" and "lone?"
Is there any reason known?
And, in short, it seems to me
Sound and letters disagree.'

Learn to be House-keepers

Begin with your own possessions, girls. Reform your upper bureau drawer; relieve your closet pegs of their accumulation of garments out of use a month or two ago. Institute a clear and careful order in the midst of which you can daily move, and learn to keep it so that it will be a part of your toilet to dress your room and its arrangements while you dress yourself, leaving the draperies you take off as lightly and artistically hung, or as delicately folded and placed, as the skirts you loop carefully to wear, or the ribbon and lace you put with soft neatness about your throat. Cherish your instincts of taste and fitness in every little thing you have about you. This will not make you 'fussy'; it is the other thing that does that, the not knowing, except by fidgety experiment, what is harmony and the intangible frace of relation. Take upon yourself, for the sake of getting them in hand in like manner, if for no other need, all the cares that belong to your own small territory of home. Have your little wash-cloths and your sponges for bits of cleaning; your feather-duster, and your light little broom, and your whisk and pan; your bottle of sweet oil and spirits of turpentine, and piece of flannel to preserve the polish or restore the gloss where dark wood grows dim or gets soiled. Find out, by following your surely growing sense of thoroughness and niceness, the best and readiest ways of keeping all fresh about you. Invent your own processes; they will come to you. When you make yourself wholly mistress of what you can learn and do in your own apartments, so that it is easier and more natural for you to do it than to let it alone, then you have learned to keep a whole house so far as its cleanly ordering is concerned.—'Christian Globe.'

Uncle John at Home Again.

TALK ON KEROSENE.

'Hello! Jimmy. My! how you have grown! Only about three years since I saw you. Here comes my chick, your cousin Bessie,—six years old and big according. But where are the others who were to come? Ah, I hear them laughing. Come along, and let me see if I know you. There, now, don't squeeze my head off. Just the same madcaps as ever, aren't you? Pretty good ones, though, when you sober down.

'Yes, I know, school in half an hour; but I am loaded to the water's edge, and propose to get right to work. We'll talk about our travels some other time. Just now, as its coming on cold weather and time for fires and lamps, I want to tell you something about kerosene. I'm afraid some of you will burn yourselves to death or set the house on fire. No, I do not propose to warn you against using it for starting fires, but to tell you how you may so use it with safety. My Bessie has understood it since she was a three-year-old, and I wonder I let you go so long.

'Kerosene is inflammable, and kerosene vapor, mixed with air, is explosive. Bearing this vital fact in mind, we can begin to bring our ideas to a focus. Take some cold kerosene in an iron spoon, apply a lighted match, and it will be extinguished. Heat the oil to a certain point, and it will take fire and burn. Thus you find that only hot kerosene is inflammable.

How about the vapor? Heating produces it. Confine it with air, and you have the explosive mixture. Here you see this tin thing, like a bottle, holding a pint or more, with a big cork in one end, and a small hole at the other. I put in two drops of benzine (naphtha, gasoline, rhigoline), warm the sides over this alcohol lamp, bring the hole to the flame, and bang! goes the cork with a noise like a gun. Only two drops in a whole pint of air. (Kerosene vapor explodes less sharply, but not less truly.)

'Now you see the two performances. The burning, within limits, is comparatively harmless; the explosion scorns all limits, and is desperately dangerous. I presume that nine out of ten of the kerosene accidents, generally called explosions, are really only burnings; but explosions do occur, and I want you to know how to avoid them. The usual "modus operandi" is about as follows: Fire starts, heats stove, then goes out; girl pours in kerosene and in a second the stove is full of vapor mixed with air—a loaded gun; girl applies the match; the mixture explodes, scattering stove-lids and burning wood, for the hot oil is fired by the explosion.

Do you see the remedy? Bessie, you keep still and don't explode with your knowledge either. . . . The fact that you do not suggest it shows that you are no wiser than the rest of mankind. Why, simply have a flame in the stove when you pour the oil in! That's all; but it makes all the difference between safety and danger, life and death. A match will answer; but, as it might go out, you'd

better use a piece of paper. Pour the oil near the flame and you will have a quick burning, which is what you want and you can regulate it by the amount you pour on. With good kerosene there is no danger in pouring from the can into a flame so large that it envelops the can. I once did it when a doctor, sitting near, jumped up in a fright. And I knew a doctor who let naphtha into a hot oil-burning stove, heard gas hissing through the pin hole for ten seconds and then applied a match; It blew him six feet backwards, singed his hair and beard, wrenched the stove around and blew a lot of soot over the floor. No, it did not hurt him much, but it frightened him so that he could remember what I had told him. Why, there is danger in a tenth part of one second, and he thought ten would not count!

'So now you have it: Pour kerosene where there is flame, and you have burning, which you can regulate. Pour kerosene into a warm place without flame, and in an instant you have an explosive mixture, as dangerous as gunpowder.

'Carry the same principle everywhere. A hot lamp is dangerous,—yes, vapor. Wicks must be clean, and run easy. If a lamp burns all around the top, with a flame enveloping the chimney, don't blow it, but take a piece of carpet, or anything, shield your face with it, and cover the lamp, gathering it in below the flame. Some one must do it, and do it very quick.

'There is much to say about lamps, and home test for oil, and state laws, and a dishonest state inspector I once met, and hours of personal experience, but you have had enough for one lesson.—The 'Union Signal.'

Service.

There are many illustrations in practical life of the value of service. Mrs. Morrow tells the story of a wealthy family in San Francisco, who engaged the service of a young Japanese to wash windows, polish silver, and do whatever was required. He was always called Saul, and was faithful and obliging. At the end of four years, he left of his own accord. Nothing more was heard of him until one of the daughters, travelling in Europe, attended a court reception at Berlin, and was introduced to Saul as Lieut. Karo Yatani. She learned that he was wealthy, and the nephew of the Mikado of Japan. His appointment in the German army was by request of his uncle, who had decided to adopt the German military system. The young lady enquired, 'Why did you take the position of a servant?' He replied, 'Although rich, I believed I could best serve my country by beginning where I did, and thus become familiar with American manners and customs.—'Morning Star.'

Word Stories.

SANDWICH.

Take, for instance, the word 'sandwich'; when one pauses to inquire, he can but wonder how this combination of bread, butter and meat ever received its name. It happened in this wise. Many years ago there was living in England the Earl of Sandwich. This gentleman was, unfortunately, as gentlemen in those days often were, a great gambler. Once he was so excited over a game that he could not stop long enough to go to dinner, but ordered his servant to bring him something to eat. Even then he could not spare the time to eat in the orthodox fashion, but laid a piece of meat between two pieces of bread, and thus disposed of them quickly. At the same time, though he probably never dreamed of such a thing, he made himself famous as the originator of this staple article of picnic refreshments, for to this day it is known as a sandwich.

CLASSIC SLANG.

Some one has had the courage to assert that the slang of to-day will be the classic language of the future. Fortunately, however, we have observed that many of the inelegant, catchy phrases are short-lived, though the fact that some of them do become established words cannot be disputed. A bit of classic slang has come to us in the word 'salary.' In the days when Rome was in its power, with great armies of soldiers, each soldier received an allowance with which to buy salt, called his 'salarium,' or salt-money. This word, from which our 'salary' is derived, came to be used for any wages or salary, And without a doubt the phrase, 'earn his salt,' dates back to the Roman soldier and his salarium.

JACKET.

The French soldier, probably in fun, named his leather coat jaque in honor of some comrade, Jacques. Thence came jaquette, a little coat, and from the same word is our jacket.

RIVER.

A word taken directly from the Latin, but one whose changes are interesting to trace, is 'river.' The Latin word for it is 'rivus.' From this came the adjective 'rivalis,' pertaining to a river or brook. In the old days of Rome people used to get water from the rivers, and neighbors who got it from the same stream were called 'rivales.' Sometimes disputes arose about their rights, and a contest would follow. So, with the changes that come through the years, people who compete in school, in politics, in business, or in affairs of the heart are called rivals.

FLOWERS.

The names of flowers have often some peculiar significance which has been lost sight of in the lapse of time. One of the most common, the dandelion, was formerly written dent de lion, because the slender, pointed petals are shaped like a lion's tooth. The daisy, smiling by every roadside, was once upon a time called the day's-eye, because it looked like an eye. Through many years and careless speech this easily changed in sound, and then in spelling, until it reached its present form. Saxifrage, which every lover of spring wild flowers has gathered, is from two Latin words, 'saxum,' a stone, and 'frangere,' to break, because it grows on rocky ground, literally among fragments of stone.—The 'C. E. World.'

What the War is Doing for Japan.

The master carpenter of the village, Kichizo, a man vry good-hearted, honest, but too fond of 'sake' in his entire lifetime, was much liked and patronized by Major-General Oda, father of the junior captain who so distinguished himself during the attack on Port Arthur. This is related of General Oda and Kichizo. The general offered him of his favorite 'sake.'

'Drink, my dear fellow,' he said.

'My lord, I have given up drinking,' replied Kichizo.

'What! You have given up drinking!'

'Yes, my lord.'

'Well! That is the last thing I would have expected of you! Take a cup and drink to Japan's victory.'

'My lord, I have stopped drinking.'

'Do you mean it?'

'Yes, my lord, but let me pour out a cup for you.'

'Well, then, give me a cup. It is well for such a rough and simple fellow as you to wait on an old soldier like me. My good fellow, you remember when you were threatened with death for your habit of drinking, and even when a pistol was pointed at your breast you said you would not give it up even to save your life. What is there in the world, then, that has made you give it up?'

'You know, my lord,' replied Kichizo; 'thirteen of the lads who were apprenticed to me, and who are under my patronage, have been called away to the front. Of these eight have wives and children, and it is my duty that I look after these helpless ones, so how, my lord, can I spend my time and money in drinking now?'—Yone Noguchi, Correspondent of the 'Transcript.'

Making a Man.

Hurry the baby as fast as you can,
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man.
Off with his baby-clothes, get him in pants.
Feed him on brain-foods and make him advance.
Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk.
Into a grammar-school; cram him with talk.
Fill his poor head full of figures and facts,
Keep on a-jamming them in till it cracks.
Once boys grew up at a rational rate,
Now we develop a man while you wait.
Rush him through college, compel him to grab
Of every known subject a dip and a dab.
Get him in business and after the cash,
All by the time he can grow a mustache.
Let him forget he was ever a boy.
Make gold his god and its jingle his joy.
Keep him a-hustling and clear out of breath,
Until he wins—nervous prostration and death
—Nixon Waterman, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.'

Four things a man must learn to do,
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely.

How to Read a Book.

The first thing you do in reading a book, or a story in a magazine, or any other thing worth reading, is to ascertain who wrote it. An author talks to us in his books, and just as we like to know the friends we talk with, we should like to know the name of the man or woman whose published thoughts are entering our daily lives. Therefore, make it a rule, girls, to read the title-page of the volume in your hand; and if there be a preface, unless it be a very long one, read that, too. You will in this way establish an acquaintance with your author; you will know him by sight, and soon you will know him intimately. Every author has little ways and words of his own, and you will find yourself recognizing these very swiftly and lovingly. By-and-by, when you happen in your story on some phrase or turn of a sentence or little jesting mannerism which belongs to the author you are growing well acquainted with, you will feel well pleased, and the story will then mean a great deal more to you than if it were simply the work of an unknown person, whose tones and looks were quite unfamiliar.—The 'Christian Globe.'

Proverbs for Boys.

Whitelaw Reid was once asked by a New York merchant what was the best book for him to put into the hands of his clerks for a business hand-book. He recommended 'The Book of Proverbs,' and the man went to the American Bible Society and bought a lot of them. We give here below a few samples out of the book:

A wise son maketh a glad father.

A soft tongue breaketh the bone.

Labor not to be rich.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Buy the truth and sell it not.

Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it sparkleth in the cup.

A faithful witness will not lie.

The borrower is servant to the lender.

He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man.

He that soweth iniquity shall reap calamity.

How much better it is to get wisdom than gold.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.

Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness.

Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

He that oppresseth the poor, reproacheth his Maker.

If thine enemy hunger feed him; if he thirst give him drink.—'American Boy.'

The Boy With the Hoe.

Can and Could both had to drive cows to pasture, and to hoe in the garden. Can's cows were regularly cropping the grass on the hillside long before Could was out of bed. Can easily kept ahead of the weeds by hoeing before they got much start; Could waited until there was 'some real need of hoeing to keep the weeds down,' but the weeds had such a start then that they soon got ahead of him and ahead of the crops, too, which were hardly worth gathering, although Can's garden yielded bountifully. 'If I could have had such a garden as that,' said Could, 'I would have been glad to hoe up every weed; but my garden was so poor that it didn't make much difference whether I hoed it or not.'—'Sunday-School Evangelist.'

A Great Surprise.

It was just too queer for anything, Tommy was walking slowly down behind the barn, with his usually merry face all scowls; and Teddy was peeping through the slatted fence into Tommy's garden, with a great family of wrinkles in his little forehead. Now what do you suppose that it was all about?

Out in Teddy's yard grew a great, tall horse chestnut tree, and one crisp October morning a shower of pretty brown nuts came tumbling out of their thick, green shells,—down, down, down, until at last they reached the broad gravel walk and smooth, green lawn. Tommy spied them as he came hurrying home from school at noon, and then the scowls came to make him a visit.

'That new boy has everything!' he exclaimed crossly. 'He has tops, an' balls, and a bicycle, an'—an' now he's got the horse-chestnuts! 'Taint fair, so it isn't!' Then poor little discontented Tommy looked crosser than ever.

Tommy didn't realize that down in his garden grew something that the new boy Teddy had always wished for and longed to have—a bouncing yellow pumpkin. How Teddy did wish that his papa had bought Tommy's house and Tommy's garden and Tommy's pumpkin,—all three.

Teddy sighed as he thought of the Jack-o'-lantern that he could make if he only had one of those wonderful yellow treasures for his very own. It was a very loud and sorrowful sigh and Tommy heard it; and then he discovered the new boy peeping through the fence.

'Hello!' called Tommy, quickly.

Teddy jumped. He didn't know that anybody was near.

'Don't you like living here?' inquired Tommy. 'You look as if you were homesick. Won't you come over and look at my pumpkins? I've got a dandy lot of them, and they are all my own, every one.'

Teddy sighed again. I've been a-waitin' for a pumpkin for years an' years,' he said sadly. 'But they don't have gardens with pumpkins in the city, an' so I never had any.

Tommy looked surprised. 'Would you like one?' he asked quickly. "Cause I'd be delighted to give you one of mine, if you would. Come over, an' I'll give you one right now.'

Tommy climbed over the fence in a hurry, and he smiled and smiled as Tommy took his jack-knife out of his trousers' pocket, and cut off one of his biggest pumpkins with a snap.

'You have everything, don't you?' said Teddy, regretfully. 'You have pumpkins—whole garden full of them—an' apples, an' grapes, an'——'

This information was a great surprise to Tommy. 'I have everything!' he said in astonishment. 'Why, I thought that you were the one that had everything a few minutes ago. You have tops, an' balls, an' a bicycle, an' horse-chestnuts,' he said.

'Why, so I have,' answered Teddy, thoughtfully. 'I wanted a pumpkin so much that I 'most forgot all about everything else. I did not remember the horse-chestnuts. Maybe you would like some. Would you?'

Tommy's eyes danced with delight.

'You can have a big bagful,' declared Teddy. 'An' if you'll get some toothpicks, I'll show you how to make a Brownie man.'

'An' I'll help you make your lantern after school,' said Tommy. 'We'll help each other, an' divide our things, won't we? An' then we can both have everything, really and truly.

'Why, so we can!' said Teddy.

Then those bad scowls and wrinkles had to run away in a hurry. They ran away to see if they could find two cross, discontented little boys. I do hope they did not find you.—Selected.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

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PICTORIAL TESTAMENT—A handsome pictorial New Testament just published, neatly bound in leather, gilt edge. Given for four new subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, or six renewals at forty cents each.

'Work Your Way.'

(The Rev. Dan F. Bradley, D.D., President of Iowa College, in the 'C. E. World.')

Joe was a blacksmith's son, one of seven children, going to school in a little town of northern Iowa, and doing odd jobs about the shop in the village for the advantage of the family. Joe would have stayed in the village always, but for the minister in the little Congregational church where he went to Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor Society. The minister said to Joe: 'Don't be content to be a horse-boy in N—. Go to college.'

'But where's the money coming from?' said Joe.

'Work your way,' said the minister. So Joe got together his things, and packed them in a canvas telescope, and spent about all the money he had to get to Iowa College.

He arrived in the evening, and tried to find a place to work for his board and room, but in vain. That night, without money to go to a hotel, he lay down, like Jacob of old, with his meagre baggage for a pillow, upon the stone porch of the church; there was no ladder let down, and no angels ascending and descending; but God's voice gave him courage and rest. In the morning he was up early. Before night he was enrolled in the Academy, with a place where he could earn his own way.

For five years he washed dishes, mowed the lawns, tended furnaces, and studied, and sang in the glee club. He had his fun in the gymnasium, where he won prizes for performing; worked hard to get on the football, and, although he was light, he made the team in the last year, and in the last critical game got the ball and ran down the field for a winning touchdown. No wonder that when he came up for a contest with twenty-two young men for the Cecil Rhodes scholarship he won the prize, and is the first man to represent his State at Oxford.

No wonder that when the people in the little town of his birth heard of his splendid victory, won entirely by character and scholarship and grit, they rang the church bells, and came down in a body to the train to meet him. And, when he goes to the ancient university which sent out John Wycliffe, Thomas Arnold and W. E. Gladstone, there will be no man there more worthy to succeed those heroes than Joseph Garfield Walleser of Iowa College.

Chinese Names.

The names of the places where the Russians and Japanese are fighting are Chinese, and easily understood, when a few words are known. Yang means fortress, consequently Liao Yang is the iron fortress; Ping Yang the fortress of peace. Cleen is a walled city; Shan, a mountain; Hai, the sea; Kwan, a camp, consequently, Shau-hai-Kwan is the mountain sea camp. Ling is a mountain pass; Tao, islands; Pho, a harbor; Wau, a bay; Kuang and Ho, a river; Kow, a port; Fu, a first-class city; Ju, a provincial capital; King, capital; Pei, north; Nan, south. These explain Peking Nanking, Hai Cheu, etc.

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

Saved by a Dog.

Most little boys and girls are taught to be kind to dumb animals. I wish they were oftener told how sensible, patient, and faithful dogs are. I am going to tell you a little anecdote, just to prove what I say.

I know two little boys, called Edgar and Frank, who have a large collie dog, to whom they gave the name of Ruff. They were living, last summer, with their parents at one of those pretty houses on the banks of the Thames. Edgar was always very kind to Ruff, who was devoted to him; but Frank used to tease Ruff, he would call him, and then, when the dog ran to him, he would give him a kick or a pinch, and say, 'Go away, you stupid old thing; I don't want you.' Frank did this simply out of fun, and could not be made to understand that he hurt poor patient Ruff, who never growled or bit him.

"RUFF STOOD LOOKING AT THE BOYS

One afternoon the boys were playing on the banks of the river, when Frank exclaimed, 'Oh, Edgy, do look at those lovely lilies just opposite! Let us get into the boat, and pick them for mother.' To which Edgy too readily assented.

They jumped into the boat, followed by Ruff, and soon reached the coveted flowers. They were stretching their little bodies over the side of the boat to reach them, when it capsized, and, much to their horror, they found themselves in the water. They both cried out for help, but there was nobody near, except poor old Ruff, who, having gained a footing on the capsized boat, stood looking at the little boys with ears erect, as if wondering what to do.

'Oh, Ruff! Ruff!' they shrieked; 'save us!'

Upon which Ruff jumped into the water beside Edgar, who threw his arms round the dog's neck; but Ruff shook him off, and, taking a firm hold of his little jacket, swam home with him, and laid him gently on the grass. The moment Edgar recovered himself, he looked for Frank, who was still in the water, holding on to the boat, and calling Ruff with all his strength. Ruff paid no attention to him, and was busily engaged licking Edgar's hand, and wagging his tail, as if proud of having saved his dear young master's life. Edgy jumped up, and said, 'Ruff, fetch Frank!'

Ruff looked at Edgy, as much as to say, 'Do you really want me to go? because I am so afraid Frank will only pinch and hurt me if I do.'

Edgy said again, in an imperative tone, 'Go, Ruff!'

Whereupon Ruff, somewhat reluctantly, swam across to Frank, but would not touch him until Frank put out his hand and patted him; then he took hold of him as he had done of his brother, and carried him safely to Edgar's side.

The two little boys ran to tell their mother what had happened. She was very much shocked to see them so wet, and ordered nurse to put them to bed at once, and give them warm milk. When in bed, and chatting over the afternoon's adventure, Frank said to Edgar, 'I shall never kick or pinch Ruff again, Edgy. I am sure I have often hurt him: for, you see he doesn't like me half as well as you, and didn't want to save me. I think that God allowed me to tumble into the water to-day, to show me that He has created dumb animals to be our friends, and He wishes us to be very gentle and loving to them.'—'Children's Messenger.'

Mrs. Brahma's Concert.

(By Arthur North, in 'The Presbyterian Banner.')

(Concluded.)

Mrs. Black was too bewildered to say anything. She remembered about the children now. She looked at Mrs. Brahma for a long while out of one eye, and mechanically picked up a grain of corn to give

herself time to think and hide her embarrassment.

'Yes, just think how much your friends care for you,' continued Mrs. Brahma.

That pleased Mrs. Black's vanity and she said she thought it would be very nice. Then she smoothed her feathers carefully, spread her children out in a row so they could be well seen, and led them proudly around the yard, amid great excitement.

The Leghorn crowed again.

'I forgot,' he cried; 'it wouldn't be a benefit unless you brought something to give the poor chickens. so you will each be charged two grains of corn apiece.

There was a great stir in the yard. Most of the loose grain had been eaten and it was difficult for all to find the two grains. At last they felt that it must be nearly time to go, and began to wander aimlessly to the place appointed—behind the cow stable.

Presently everyone arrived, carrying the price of the benefit in their mouths, and there was a very nice heap of yellow grains lying to one side, which they all surveyed proudly, for they had given that away. Fat Mr. Goose leaned over to Mrs. Black. 'Invite me to supper, won't you, my dear.'

They waited awhile, and nothing happened.

'Why, Mrs. Brahma, where is your concert? Where are the singers.'

Why, you are such singers, I thought you would do it yourselves, but wait.'

The cow in the stabled called 'Móo! Moo!'

That said Mrs. Brahma is the first song, and they all laughed and understood.

Now Mr. Minorca will sing a reveille. Of course, it is twenty-four hours too late, but that makes it more pleasing, doesn't it? I don't like to get up too early.'

They all shouted, and the Minorca Cock crowed shrilly, just as he was accustomed to do at daybreak beneath the window of the farmer.

Now Mr. Turkey Cock will show us what he can do.

The Turkey cried 'Gobble! Gobble!' until his wattles were red, and they laughed at the idea of that for a song, but cried, 'Do it again!' It was such fun.

But Mr. Leghorn was a very literal man. He was not satisfied, for he had been made a party to the planning of this concert and he wished it to do him credit. He could not see the joke.

'Where is your foreign singer, Mrs. Brahma?' he asked, stiffly.

'Why—why—'

Just at that moment a Crow sailed through the air and lit on the top of the cow stable.

'Oh, Mr Crow!' cried Mrs. Brahma, gladly. 'Won't you come down and sing for us one of your beautiful songs?'

Now the Crow was not aware that he could sing well, but he did see a tempting pile of corn, and if they wanted him to sing he was willing to try. So he kindly flew down and strutted up and down, showing off his glistening black plumage, as he cried, 'Caw,' and imagined he was making a very fine show.

'Charming!' they cried, for they thought it another joke, and a very good one, and while they were telling each other what fun it was to make believe, and how lovely this last song had been they never noticed that the Crow had edged close to the heap of corn, and before they saw what he was doing he gobbled it up as fast as he could. Then they saw the rascal and made a rush to catch him.

'Caw! Caw!' he cried, flapping his wings and returning to his perch on the cow stable.

'Thank you very much for your corn. I'll come and sing for you whenever you want me. But it seems to me if I were you, I'd make up my mind next time what I was going to do before I did it.'

Just a Shoe Buttoner.

Willie was an honest boy, and all good people who knew him loved him. One day his mother gave him two dollars and sent him to the store to buy a pair of shoes. When the merchant tied up the bundle he put in two buttoners instead of one. As soon as Willie reached home and opened the box he found the extra buttoner and asked his mother if she thought he ought to carry one of them back She said she supposed the merchant intended for him to keep both of them, but to go and see.

On his way back to town he met some of his boy acquaintances, who asked where he was going. He told them how the merchant had made a mistake and that he was going to return one of the buttoners. One of the boys said: 'What's an old shoe buttoner? They don't cost a cent. The storekeeper will laugh at you.'

Willie went on his way and returned the buttoner to the merchant, who told him it was put in by mistake, but that he need not have troubled to return it.

Next morning at school several of the boys when they met Willie said, 'Hello, old Shoe Buttoner!' At first he thought he would cry, but he said to himself: 'I did right, and there is no use in crying about doing right.'

The vacation came; the same merchant from whom Willie had purchased the shoes some months before advertised for a boy. Willie was anxious to make some money of his own, and his mother allowed him to apply for the place. When he walked into the store one of the boys, who was waiting his turn to see the proprietor, said to another boy: 'Well, here comes "Shoe Buttoner."'

The merchant looked around and recognized the honest face of his former customer, and employed him immediately. He was so faithful and honest that he has been in that store from that day till this, and is now one of the proprietors.

One of Willie's old friends, who recalled the circumstances which I have just related, said the other day: 'Will, didn't it make you feel good when you got your position because you had returned a shoe buttoner?'

Mr. Will replied: 'Oh, of course, I was glad to get the position, but most of my feeling good over it was because I knew I had done right.'—Am. Paper.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

No Place for Boys.

What can a boy do and where can a boy stay,
If he is always told to get out of the way?
He cannot sit here and he must not stand there;
The cushions that cover that fine rocking-chair
Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired.
A boy has no business to ever be tired.
The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom
On the floor of the darkened and delicate room
Are not made to walk on—at least, not by boys;
The house is no place, anyway, for their noise.

Yet boys must walk somewhere; and what if their feet,
Sent out of our houses, sent into the street,
Should step around the corner and pause at the door
Where other boys' feet have paused often before;
Should pass through the gateway of glittering light,
Where jokes that are merry and songs that are bright
Ring out a warm welcome with flattering voice
And temptingly say, 'Here's a place for the boys!'

Ah, what if they should? What if your boy or mine
Should cross o'er the threshold which marks out the line
'Twixt virtue and vice, 'twixt pureness and sin,
And leave all his innocent boyhood within?
Oh, what if they should, because you and I,
While the days and the months and the years hurry by,
Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting joys
To make our round hearthstone a place for the boys?

There's a place for the boys. They will find it somewhere;
And if our own homes are too daintily fair
For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet,
They'll find it, and find it, alas! in the street,
'Mid the gildings of sin and the glitter of vice;
And with heartaches and longings we pay a dear price
For the getting of gain that our lifetime employs,
If we fail to provide a place for the boys.

A place for the boys—dear mother, I pray,
As cares settle down round our short earthly way,
Don't let us forget, by our kind, loving deeds,
To show we remember their pleasures and needs.
Though our souls may be vexed with problems of life,
And worn with besetments and toilings and strife,
Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and mine—
If we give them a place in their innermost shrine;
And to our life's greatest hour 'twill be one of our joys
That we kept a small corner—a place for the boys.

—Boston 'Transcript.'

Abel's Prize Song.

'Abel, Abel, are you never coming in to tea! I declare that boys lives at the piano!'

'Not always, mother; you exaggerate a little,' replied Abel, smiling brightly as he entered the room, 'but I must practice if I am to be perfect.'

'You are perfect now, I think,' the old lady answered, proudly. 'You make the piano just speak.'

'What a thing it is to have a good mother to talk well of you, isn't it, George?' and the speaker, a slender, dark-haired young man, looked playfully across the tea-table at his friend.

'She only says what is true in your case, however,' replied George. 'Hullo! here's the postman: what has he brought?'

The young musician's eyes flashed with suppressed excitement as Mary, the little handmaid, brought in a large official-looking envelope and handed it to him.

Slowly and carefully the envelope was opened, and Abel glanced at it for one moment only—then he said, as if with a sigh of relief:

'I've got the prize, mother!'

'I knew my boy would get it,' she cried out, proudly, 'I told you how it would be, Abel, you need not have worried yourself so much.'

'Ah! but the music ought to be better, mother; I believe I can do better, too, with harder work,' he said, modestly.

Abel was a young musician, and, like many another, he was poor and was gradually working his way upward, with but a few friends and less fortune. He had competed for a prize offered for the best setting of a song to music and he had won it.

After tea he went back to his loved piano, and his fingers wandered over the keys and brought forth such glad and joyful strains that, as his mother said, 'the instrument seemed to be telling his pleasure even better than he could speak it himself.'

In a short time he went out with George—for his friend had a long way to walk, and now, having got the prize, Abel felt that he had earned a little rest from work.

'I wonder how often in days to come I shall take this walk,' said George; 'when you are rich and great, I shall think of you, and ask myself: 'Does my old friend remember me? I expect you'll forget me.'

'Not I,' replied Abel. 'If ever I do become "rich and great," as you call it, Heaven preserve me from becoming so proud—Ah! that's the "White Hart," isn't it? Let's go in and have a "pick-me-up."'

'Not for me, thank you,' replied George.

'Oh! you still keep your pledge?'

'Certainly.'

When Abel returned, George noted how the strong drink had flushed the delicate refined features, and how different was the appearance of his eyes—with what unnatural brightness they shone—and impulsively he said, as he linked his arm in that of his friend, 'Why don't you give up drinking, Abel?'

'Why should I?' asked his companion.

'Because it's dangerous.'

'Pooh! I'm all right, old man. Don't talk such stuff to me.'

'But others, then—think how great your influence will be by-and-by. Everybody has influence, and the more distinguished a person becomes, the greater is his influence. It is this habit of moderate drinking, that is everywhere so rife, that makes the drunkard. Example is stronger than precept.'

'Oh, well,' said Abel, impatiently, 'I can't help what others do. I can't see why I should deny myself a pleasure because others abuse it. I am not my brother's keeper.'

'Sing me your prize song,' she whispered, 'I like it so much, Abel; I am so proud of you.'

* * * * * * * * *

The moon was rising behind the old church spire and brightening the dusky summer night as Abel Meredith, with a young girl, climbed to the top of the hill. There they sat on a rustic seat, and while the light breezes of the summer night murmured among the trees, Abel told his love, and learned it was welcomed by his fair companion.

And Abel softly and sweetly hummed over his piece of music which had gained him the prize.

* * * * * * * * *

Seven or eight years afterward, a man, dressed in that shabby genteel manner which tells that the wearer has seen 'better days,' was standing on the pavement of a poor street in London. He was in front of a public-house, and he had taken his stand there, intending to play his cornet, in the hope that it might earn a few pence from the passers-by or listeners within the house. He placed the cornet to his lips and played a well-known air.

A lady passing near, glanced rapidly round at the musician, and saying to the gentleman who was with her, 'I must give that poor man something,' began to open her purse.

'Why?' asked her friend.

'Don't you hear,' she cried, 'he is playing poor Abel's prize song.'

Clearly the sweet strains rang out above the roar and rumble of the noisy street, until the lady coming near to the player, the notes trembled, and finally ceased for a moment, as she gave him a small piece of silver and hurried away.

In that brief moment did she recognize the musician? He did his best to prevent her from doing so, for he slouched his hat over his eyes and puckered up his face as though blowing hard at his cornet, but no sound came, and in his eyes appeared an expression of bitter despair, and cursing his hard fate he turned into the gin-palace to seek forgetfulness with the money the lady had given him.

To drink and to forget what he might have been, and what he had lost—his mother, who had loved him and was so proud of him; that sweet girl whom he had hoped to make his wife, but whom her friends would not allow to marry him because of his bad habits; his fame as a musician—to drink and forget all that he had lost because of his drinking habits—this now seemed to be the sole end of his existence; he knew it, and felt it every hour of the day and it was torture to him; but he could not put aside the drink that had dragged him down. To-night he felt his degradation more keenly than ever, and when others asked him to play for them, and then treated him for playing, he drank and drank until he could drink no more.

At last the time came for the house to close, and he staggered along the wet and dismal street. He reeled for a few yards, and then, losing his balance, fell heavily on the pavement, and as he fell, his forehead struck right against a sharp stone.

When he came to himself, he was conscious that a kind, manly face was bending over him—a face that he had known in the old happy time.

'George,' he muttered faintly, 'is that you?'

'Yes, Abel; I'm come to take you home. She saw you an hour or two ago, and sent me to find you. Come home with me, old friend, come home!'

'Too late; too late. I'm going to that long home from whence no one returns . . . the mourners go about the streets.' And he continued to murmur texts he had learned at his mother's knee, for his mind was wandering.

'Oh! it's not so bad as that, Abel. Come, I'll help you.'

'Too late, George; too late. Do you remember that talk we had the night I got the prize, when you urged me to abstain?'

He was roused now, and made a supreme effort to speak.

'I do remember it, Abel.'

'Would to God I had taken your advice, George. But you don't know what a hold the drink had got on me, even then, and how much worse it became as time went on. I have struggled against it. I have sworn to abstain a dozen times. But it had enslaved me completely. Fame, fortune, love—every good gift of God I have lost because of this cursed drink! They blaspheme the Almighty, I say, when they call it one of his good gifts. Why did my mother teach me to sip wine? Why didn't she make me an abstainer, as yours did, George? It grows dark—so dark. God be merciful to me—' and as his eyes began to glaze and the dews of death gathered on his brow, he softly crooned to himself the music of his prize song.

And so he passed away into the presence of him who is able to judge righteous judgment—another victim to the drinking habits of society, and the fond foolishness of a parent, who, unmindful of the danger, taught him to sip wine in his youth.—American Paper.

Moderate Drinking.

If moderate drinking led to more moderation, and that to total abstinence, it would not be dangerous. The trouble is that it leads to more drinking and intemperance. Fifty years ago, in France, the people drank freely of light wines, using little strong drink. But the French people have learned a sad lesson. The wines created a thirst for intoxicants, and now strong drink has a firm hold on that people. Light wines are no longer satisfactory; distilled liquor and drunkenness are the common thing. The average consumption of alcohol is thirty-three pints a year to each habitant, twice as much as in any other country in Europe, except Switzerland; eight times as much as in Canada. It is a sad commentary on moderate drinking, but a very suggestive one.—'Herald and Presbyter.'

LESSON XIII.—SEPT. 24.

Review of the Third Quarter.

Golden Text.

The Lord is thy keeper. Ps. cxxi., 5.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 18.—II. Chron. xxxii., 9-23.
Tuesday, Sept. 19.—Is. xxxviii., 1-8.
Wednesday, Sept. 20.—II. Chron. xxxiii., 1-13.
Thursday, Sept. 21.—II. Chron. xxxiv., 14-28.
Friday, Sept. 22.—Jer. xxxvi., 21-32.
Saturday, Sept. 23.—II. Chron. xxxvi., 11-21.
Sunday, Sept. 24.—Dan. i., 8-20.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Human life is one in every age. These stories open the domestic, official and religious life of two millenniums and a half ago, but we find it strangely like current life. Joys and sorrows, victories and defeats, and the respective causes of the same are all one and alike.

Rome was only a century and a half old when this old, but lively, narrative begins. Kings had already ceased in Greece. Assyria was the supreme world-power. The kingdom of Israel (the upper kingdom) had passed out of existence through the Assyrian conquest. Aside from the Scripture of the Hebrews the age would be dim indeed. But fresh light and confirmation of the sacred record has lately come through the discovery of the royal library at Nineveh, with its ten thousand inscribed tablets.

Sennacherib, the would-be conqueror of the world, is on his way to attach the Land of the Pyramids to his throne. He must needs pass through the tiny realm of the Hebrews. Nothing there can prove more than a momentary impediment. So thought the Ninevite. He was omitting, however, one invincible factor in his calculations; namely, the religious faith of the people. One courageous, patriotic soul stood out against the threatening tide of invasion. It was Hezekiah, the king. He put his capital in condition for defense and infused his spirit into the garrison. The precise way in which the city was delivered and the invading host destroyed may never be known, but the fact is indubitable.

The good king was in the very midst of reforms which seemed to demand his person and presence when he received the curt message, 'Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.' The suffering king turned his face to the wall in prayer, not in despair. Before the prophet had crossed the palace courtyard the prayer was heard and the prophet bidden to return and modify his message. The significant sign of the receding shadow was given, and the king breaks out in an improvised hymn of praise.

Isaiah's fadeless portraiture of the suffering Saviour comes next. This poem is written in praise of suffering, proverbially odious to the Oriental mind. The life of the supreme sufferer is made to give the lie to the current philosophy which affirms the disgrace and inutility of suffering. In the fifty-third chapter the prophet describes the great Shepherd's method of recovering his flock. In the fifty-fourth chapter he describes the new sheep fold—the beauty, security and capacity of the Church. In the fifty-fifth chapter he bursts out in joyous invitation to the human race to partake of the benefits of the atonement and enjoy the security of the Church.

Heathenism smoldered during Hezekiah's good reign. Only a spark of it remained at his death. His son Manasseh might have quenched it. Instead, he fanned and fed it. He was warned, but was defiant. The glory of Divine justice is that its penalties are not inflicted in vengeance, but for reformation. The penitent king was restored.

It was the hand of a young man that loosened the pendulum of national life from the magnet of heathenism to which it had swung. The young King Josiah was not merely negatively good; he was aggressive against evil. His first effort was destructive. Down came the altars, images and groves. The next was constructive, the repair of the temple. It was while in the line of duty that the young king made the most momentous find of the age—the long-lost and forgotten book of the law of Jehovah.

The next king treated the Bible in very different fashion. He cut and burned it. But the scroll proved a Phoenix—it rose from its ashes. Josiah honored the Bible, Jehoiakim dishonored it. To the one it was savor of life; to the other of death. So it is to-day, as men use it.

No wonder Dante liked Jeremiah. Their situations were much alike, and Florence was mate to Jerusalem. Imputation was cast upon the prophet's loyalty. It was made to appear that he was favorable to the Chaldeans even after the siege had been raised. He stood the ordeal with fortitude, and went to his dungeon with patience. He has been called the weeping prophet, but it must be remembered his tears were vicarious. Though he wept he did not sit, as he has been pictured, disconsolate amid ruins. He stood for the best the situation afforded.

Another great prophet arrests attention. It is Ezekiel. With unerring vision he sees the spiritual side of material things, and makes them, as they really are, the vehicle of celestial truth. Among all the riches of his spiritual sight the 'River of Salvation' stands first for transparent simplicity.

The antiquity, magnitude, and wealth of Babylon surpasses belief. Yet when that Oriental capital was shining in meridian splendor one thing eclipsed it, and that the most unlikely thing the city contained. It was the character of a young Hebrew captive named Daniel. The city is gone. The character remains the inspiration and model of the young man of every age. He made the most out of his situation. He might well have complained of his environment. He might have said, disconsolately, 'I'm the puppet of a despotic ruler; might as well submit to the inevitable. I'm deprived of personality and influence. It makes no difference how I live or what I do.' Instead of that, with courteous and merry manner, but without sacrifice of principle, he adjusted himself to his surroundings and achieved success through the very conditions which seemed to make success impossible.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Sept. 24.—Topic—The home mission work of our denomination. Matt. ix., 35-38; 7., 7-15.

The old-time discrimination between foreign and home missions seems on the point of being effaced. On the one hand foreigners are pouring in incredible numbers into this country. One-fifth of the population of New England is foreign. In a sense home missions, then, are foreign missions. A very significant circumstance has just happened in New York. They sold a fine church building in the upper part of the city because there were too many foreigners in the neighborhood. Then they sent the money to the Board of Foreign Missions. Again, facilities for travel and communication make formerly distant fields next-door neighbors to us, so that so-called foreign missions are becoming home missions. In point of fact missions, home and foreign, when rightly directed, are an earnest, sane and practical effort to better human conditions, after the example of Jesus, who, being moved with compassion, 'preached,' 'healed,' and 'taught' the multitudes.

Junior C. E. Topic.

GOD'S PROMISES.

Monday, Sept. 18.—God's promise to Abraham. Gen. xiii., 14-17.

Tuesday, Sept. 19.—God's promise to Isaac. Gen. xxvi., 1-4.

Wednesday, Sept. 20.—God's promise to Jacob. Gen. xxviii., 13, 14.

Thursday, Sept. 21.—Promise to the Israelites. Ex. iii., 7, 8.

Friday, Sept. 22.—The promise fulfilled. Josh. xxiii., 14.

Saturday, Sept. 23.—God's promises are sure. II. Cor. i., 20.

Sunday, Sept. 24.—Topic—How God keeps his promises. Josh. x., 40-41; xxi., 43-45.

What is Needed.

Sunday-school teachers must be taught to live for their professional fitting—seven full days every week, and no weeks of vacation in the year. They must learn the secret of self-repression, of self-possession, of self-recollection, of concentration in thinking and in praying, of wise silence, of generous judgment, of forbearance and patience. They must learn how to do required duties when not naturally inclined to do them, when such duties are disagreeable and 'against the grain'—visiting the poor, the sick, the unappreciative, the degraded. All these things and the like, must grow out of the reality of a spiritual manhood and womanhood. This is what the Sunday-school of to-day needs. And the pulpit also. Is the standard too high? Can the ideals of the artist be too fine and exalted? We need worthier ideals in our work. And out of them would come miracles in the actual!—Bishop Vincent.

Bringing Children to Christ.

I am sure that the church of Jesus Christ is sadly neglecting the children. It is true that we have our Sunday-school and other organizations for the training of children in the knowledge of the Word of God; but there is not that definite work for their conversion that there should be.

No other form of Christian effort brings such immediate, such large, and such lasting results as work for the conversion of children. It has many advantages over other forms of work. First of all, children are more easily led to Christ than adults. In the second place, they are more likely to stay converted than those apparently converted at a later period of life. They also make better Christians, as they do not have so much to unlearn as those who have grown old in sin. They have more years of service before them. A man converted at sixty is a soul saved plus ten years of service; a child saved at ten is a soul saved plus sixty years of service.—Dr. R. A. Torrey.

Teacher and Superintendent.

The teacher trained to know and to be like Christ must at the same time study the human nature he is to help; the human nature set forth in the Bible; the human nature of their own times—the every-day folks who now make up the world—the opinions they hold, the tendencies they inherit, the perils of their environment, the homes, the companions, the toil, the recreations, the troubles that make up their lives. And all these he must study, not with scientific and professional curiosity, for reports to be made or papers to be written and read before sociological clubs and the like, but with a burning desire to relieve those who suffer and restore the fallen. Normal work is spiritual work—the work of persons for persons.

Thus the superintendent—who holds the Truth in his inmost life, whose heart beats and whose eyes flash with it; who, in a well-graded school, under a firm, wise and gracious administration, appoints teachers who hold the same ideas as himself and are inspired by the same high motives—is in a position of immense power and possibilities. His work is real, and its fruits are found in home, shop, office, school and church. This radical, wise, spiritual service is the demand of our age!—Bishop Vincent.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Correspondence

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

SEPTEMBER.

Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest. Josh. i., 9.

1.
Mary Watson.

4.
Hilda B. Suddart (13).

6.
Bertha Maria Akeson, Elsie S.

8.
Mary A.

9.
Gleason H. McCullough (9)

12.
Verna S., Lee M. C.

14.
Rosella W.

15.
Irene McKenzie.

17.
Amy Hazel Gavery.

18.
Ella Corbett (14), Clara M. R. (11).

19.
Fernie Frankline.

22.
Alice Ramsay, Emile C. Boyce (13).

23.
Nellie Idle.

25.
Ada P., Maggie E. M. Harg (12).

26.
Elsie C.

28.
Myrtle Morrison.

30.
Millie McF. (12).

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I did not go away very far in the holidays, but while I was away I had a lovely time. Our school begins next Monday, and I am sorry, for the holidays did not seem to last any time; but I suppose it is not play all the time. In the first part of the holidays, my two sisters, my aunt, a friend and myself drove up to the Restigouche Salmon Hatchery, a few miles above Campbellton, where we saw about a million little salmon about an inch or so long. On our way down we stopped at 'Morrisey Rock,' a high rock over the railway track, and on the track you have to pass through a tunnel. We climbed down the rock, then we went back again and ate our lunch. While you stand on the rock you can view beautiful scenery, and along the river are little coves with big shady trees. We started for home at six o'clock after having spent a lovely afternoon.

L. IRENE CURRIE.

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live up on the north shore of New Brunswick, on the banks of the Restigouche river, which takes its name from an Indian word meaning 'five fingers,' represented by the five tributaries of this river. On its opposite shore is the Indian reserve, and there the Roman Catholic Church has established a mission, under the care of seven Capouchin Fathers and a few nuns. They have a fine brick monastery, a beautiful new stone church and a new school. A Canadian gentleman has built a mill over there, which affords employment to many of the Indians, and a ferry boat carries passengers across. Our holidays are nearly over, and I am not sorry to get back to school again. We did not have a Sunday-school picnic this year because we intended to wait till the hay was cut, and then it was too late. I go to the Presbyterian church and Sunday-school. We have a mission band with a membership of ninety-three, and at the last thank-offering I was given a certificate of life-membership by the Band. Our former president expects to go as a missionary soon to Japan or Corea. I am twelve years old, and my birthday is on Oct. 29, while my little sister's birthday is on the twenty-eighth of the same month. I have a large Newfoundland dog, which we call Sport; we got him when he was a tiny pup, and now he is nine years old. Among all the animals that are used around farms I like hens the best; but we have not any now. I am in the tenth grade in the High School, and we take up manual training, which I like very much.

ADELLA L. CURRIE.

Carlisle, England.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would like to write to the 'Messenger.' I have it sent to me all the way from Canada, and we all like it so much. Mother says it is such an interesting little paper, and contains such nice reading. I am eleven years old, and I have one sister called Dorothy. She is nine years old. I am in the sixth standard at school, and my sister is in the third. I play the organ, and my sister sings to it. We live close to the school and have just finished five weeks' holidays. We both go to Sunday-school, and are members of the Band of Hope. I had another little brother, called Alan, and a little sister Elsie, but they both died last November, and we were all so sorry. My father and mother have a farm. We have five cows and three horses. We call one of them Tiger. I have two uncles and one aunt in America, and some friends in Canada.

HERBERT W. JOHNSTON.

(You will all be glad to read this letter from a reader on the other side of the Atlantic.—Cor. Ed.)

R., Man.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed please find $1 (one dollar) for the 'Messenger' Cot Fund. Our page is improving fast. Not long ago our page was full of letters with no more interest in them than 'I have two cats and a dog,' or 'For pets I have a dog named Jeff and a cat named Tabby.' Let us try to write letters of interest and that mean something.

EWART M. GRAHAM.

B., P.O.

Dear Editor,— I never wrote a letter to the 'Messenger,' but my sister has, but I think I will write now. I am a little girl eight years old. The last day of school we had a taffy pull. We had twenty saucers full of taffy, and three plates full and a big bread pan full. Our teacher, Miss M., bought a dollar's worth of sugar and a pound of butter. We have a lovely flower bed at school; I have not seen it for a long time, but have heard that the flowers are coming out fine, sweet peas, and things like that. The cows got in once, but did not do much harm; they only nipped the top off a red plant. I haven't been many places this holiday to visit, but I expect to go to Bailieboro to visit my Auntie. We have a lot of lovely flowers this summer at home; they are all out in bloom now. We went to an excursion up the river to Lakefield this summer, but only got within four miles of it because of a boom of logs which the men didn't want to open, but still we had a nice time. We stayed at Peterboro an hour, and bought candies and things. The boat we went on was called the 'Rainbow.' We went over the great lift locks of Peterboro. It was very nice to look down at the ground from the top, which is so very far from the ground. We have six little ducks to raise for Miss. money.

A. L. P.

E.S.S., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for over six months, and like it very much. I go to school and am in the fourth grade. For pets I have three little rabbits. I am greatly interested in the Labrador Cot Fund, and have visited ten families and collected one dollar and fifteen cents for it.

IDA W. SMALL (age 11).

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1. 'Our Old Schoolhouse.' Isabel Paul, A., Ont.
2. Bingo Cottage, 'Puss in Boots,' C. B., Ont.
3. 'Billy, the Summer Peton, the Farm, Pauline Jackson, (13), W. Ont.
4. 'Violets.' Alice L. Holmes, (13).
5. 'The King of the Poultry.' W. E. D., N., Ont.
6. Puzzle (see letter.) Harry W. Peck, B., Man.
7. 'Our Pets.' E. M. N., Ont.
8. 'Tent.' Sadie Bryson, (10), H. N.S.
9. 'My Racer.' Fred Higgins, I., Ont.
10. 'Picking Berries.' Myrtle Webster, R., Assa.

B., Man.

Dear Editor,—I am sending a puzzle to the 'Northern Messenger.' When the letters in the puzzle are rightly arranged they form the name of a place in the British Isles.

HARRY W. PECK.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We send twenty-five two-cent stamps (a tenth of our berry-picking money) for the little sick children of the Labrador Mission. From little

HAZEL AND VERNON MACINTYRE.

(This gift of well-earned money should inspire many a loving gift to our unfortunate little sisters and brothers in Labrador.—Cor. Ed.)

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Holidays will soon be over now. I am not sorry, though, for one has so much fun at school. I like reading very much. I like fairy stories and adventures best. I went on an excursion this summer to Orillia. I had a very nice time. We went on the train, and arrived at Orillia about noon, and started for home at half-past six. I was very tired the next day. I have a very large family of dolls. I can never remember how many. We have a large apple orchard. The apples are ripe now. I don't like fishing much.

B. L. W.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

LABRADOR COT FUND.

H.C.N., Sherbrooke, $2.00; A Friend, North Kingston, $1.00; Edith Munroe, M., Ont., 40c.; total, $3.40.

HOUSEHOLD.

God's Plans.

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.

It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle;
The wiser man shapes into God's plan,
As the water shapes into the vessel.

The Much Abused Potato.

(Mrs. J. H. Emery, in the New York 'Observer.')

On every table in our land is to be found the potato. On every bill of fare its name appears. It might almost be called the common bond between rich and poor. 'Anyone with common sense can cook a potato.' Very true, but whether from lack of common sense or other causes, a well cooked potato is seldom seen. At a restaurant, almost never. Think of the over-done, or under-done, soggy masses, served under the names of boiled, baked or mashed potato, and yet no vegetable better repays a little intelligent care. Potatoes properly cooked in whatever form, should be light and mealy. This result may always be obtained by a little care.

Boiled potatoes should always be cooked in their jackets. They should be dropped into boiling hot water, which has been well-salted; the moment they are done the water should be poured off and the potatoes allowed to dry in the uncovered kettle. The skins may then be removed if desired. Even for mashed potatoes, the result is much more satisfactory if the skin is left on until they are cooked, although it may be a little more trouble to the cook to take off the skin at the last moment. Mashed poatoes should not only be mashed, but whipped until creamy.

If baked potatoes are left for a moment in the oven after they are done, it is well to break the skin slightly in order to allow the steam to escape, and prevent them from sogging. Unless simply warmed over in a little butter, potatoes should always be fried in deep fat, heated sufficiently hot to prevent absorption of the fat, and well drained upon absorbent paper before being placed upon the table.

Among the many modes of preparing potatoes is one seldom seen at present—though highly appreciated half a century ago—the old-fashioned potato pie. A custard was prepared as for pumpkin or squash, using potatoe enriched with butter instead. Any one in lack of pie material would find a well-made potato custard pie a very pleasant change.

Cold potatoes may be quickly changed to an appetizing salad, by cutting into dice and adding an equal amount of hard boiled finely chopped egg, a dash of pepper, a suspicion of onion, and a scant half teaspoonful of celery seed salt to taste.

Stir into a cupful of boiling vinegar a teaspoonful of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, and the yolks of three eggs. Stir constantly until smooth and thick, pour this dressing over the salad while hot; add the last thing before serving, a cupful of whipped cream, though it is very nice without. Serve on lettuce leaves or not as suits the taste.

As long as potatoes are plenty, one need never lack for an appetizing dish. They furnish cheap material for soup, salad, vegetable and pie, and only need to be mixed with a little—know how—to be nutritious and palatable.

Putting Poisons Out of Reach

A box of neuralgia pills used by an older member of the household was left within the reach of a child four or five years of age. She had asked for some of the pills, supposing they were candy, and, of course, had been refused. Under these circumstances one would suppose that the poisonous pills were at once put somewhere out of reaching distance, but this was not done. In the absence of some one to watch her the little girl soon after climbed up and reached the pills, of which she swallowed five. When the child's mother discovered what her little one had done she started for the drug store from whence the pills were procured, her child tripping merrily along at her side. The druggist informed the startled parent that a fatal dose had been taken, and ere the mother could reach her doctor's office the child was seized with convulsions, which in a few moments terminated life. It is more than careless, it is criminal to leave any poison within the reach of a child. A locked box or cupboard should be the receptacle of all drugs, especially of all that are poisonous. Since we do not know what any particular drug or medicine may be needed it is advisable to have all such as the house possesses in a place at once safe and handy—safe from the children, readily accessible to the powers that be.—The New York 'Observer.'

A Doctor's Suggestions

Among the many mothers who read these lines there may be one or more whose child has scarlet fever—that terrible disease that has come to be so dangerous of late years, and who will be glad to know of anything to help their baby. And this is something so simple, yet so effective, that no physician can object to its employment. It is the application to the entire body of warm sweet oil, well rubbed in. There is something curious in its immediate good effect. Almost twenty years ago, I had five patients in one family sick with the anginose or throat variety of scarlet fever, and had them all brought into one room for convenience sake as well as seclusion. Five little heads returned my greeting every time a visit was made, and all clamored loudly for their oil bath. It was plentifully used, then a woollen nightgown put on, and nothing else done. No medicine was given, and but little food was needed to supplement absorbed oil. And in recovery, there was an absence of usual complications, so that in my Western town oil baths came to be generally used with excellent result. Other fats were tried, but none answered the double purpose of nutrition and as skin cooler so well as plain olive oil. It is well worth trial.

One word of advice about drinking water, and my task is done. If, in any hotel or summer resort to which these lines may come, there should occur a single case of typhoid or diphtheria, test the drinking water or have it done at once. A few cents will buy an ounce of saturated solution of permanganate of potash at a chemist's. If, when a drop of this solution is added to a tumbler of water, its color changes to brown, it is unfit to drink; if it remain clear, or slightly rose-colored after an hour, it is, broadly speaking, safe.—William F. Hutchinson, M.D., in the 'American Magazine.'

Selected Recipes.

Ginger Cream.—This is a very quickly prepared sweet if one has preserved ginger and cream in the house, and is served in custard-cups. Cut some preserved ginger into small pieces. Put several of these into each custard-cup, then a thin layer of brown bread-crumbs, and a teaspoonful of ginger syrup; add more layers till the cup is nearly full, and then pile up some whipped and sweetened cream on the top.—Exchange.

Finnan Haddock.—Carefully trim, put into a large frying-pan, in which have a sufficiency of good dripping. Fry slowly, and carefully turn. When cooked, lift on to very hot dish; keep near fire. Then lift pan off fire, and drop into it eggs, one by one, each being broken into a cup previously rinsed out with sweet milk. Do very slowly, lift carefully, a shake of white pepper and salt, and you have a dish fit for a king.—Exchange.

Baked Cauliflower.—Trim off all the green leaves and cut off the stalk as short as possible. Place head downward in a bowl of cold salted water for at least half an hour, to dislodge concealed insects. Drain and place stem downward in a deep saucepan, cover with boiling water, add one teaspoonful of salt, bring to the boiling point and boil hard for five minutes, then reduce the heat to a gentle but persistent boil and keep at the same temperature for from thirty to forty minutes, according to size. Drain carefully and place in a buttered baking dish. Have ready one pint of cream sauce made with two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls and a half of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half of a teaspoonful of white pepper and two cupfuls of milk. Pour this over the cauliflower, sprinkle with a little grated Parmesan or gruyére cheese, then with fine stale bread crumbs mixed with a little melted butter. Place in a hot oven until the crumbs are golden brown, and it is then ready to serve.—Table Talk.

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